## NEW PUBLICATIONS.

MEMOIRS OF MARGARET FULLER OS-SOLI. Edited by R. W. EMERSON, JAMES F. CLARKE and WILLIAM H. CHANNING. 2 vols. 12mo. pp. 351, 359. Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co.

This reverent tribute of friendship to the exalted genius and worth of its rarely endowed subject has just made its appearance from the press, and omitting any formal notices of its contents, which we prefer leaving to other hands, we will present our readers with a selection of passages which cannot fail to tempt them to give the whole work a speedy perusal:

MARGARET FULLER AT CONCORD. By E. w. EMERSON.

1 became acquainted with Margaret in 1835. Perhaps it was a year earlier that Henry Hedge, who had long been her friend, told me of her genius and studies, and loaned me her manu-script translation of Goethe's Tasso. I was aftended that the second took a generous interest in bringing us together. I remember, during a week in the winter of 1835-6, in which Miss Martineau was my guest he returned again and again to the she returned again and again to the topic of Margaret's excelling genius and conversation, and enjoined it on me to seek her acquaintance; which I willingly promised. I am not sure that it was net in Miss Martineau's company, a little earlier, that I first saw her. And I find a memorandum, in her own journal, of a visit, made by my brother Charles and myself, to Miss Martineau, at Mrs. Farrar's. It was not, however, till the next July, after a little diplomatizing in billets by the ladies, that her first visit to our house was arranged, and she came to spend a first half-hour of Margaret's conversation. She was then twenty-six years old. She had a face and frame that would indicate fullness and tenacity of life. She was rather under the middle hight; her complexion was fair, with strong fair hair. She was then, as always, carefully and becomingly dressed, and of ladylike self-possession. For the rest, her appearance had nothing prepossessing. Her extreme planness—a trick of incessantly opening and shutting her eyelids—the nasal tone of her voice—all repelled; and I said to myself, we shall never get far. It is to be said, that Margaret made a disagreeable first impression on most persons, including those who became afterward her best friends, to such an extreme that they did not wish to be in the

ries, and the very tides of joy and superbundant life. This rumor was much spread abroad, that she This rumor was much spread abroad, that she was sneering, scoffing, critical, disdainful of humble people, and of all but the intellectual. I had heard it whenever she was named It was a superficial judgment. Her satire was only the superabundant animal spirits. And it will be seen, in the sequel, that her mind presently disclosed many moods and powers, in successive electrons or terraces, each above each, that platforms or terraces, each above each, that quite effaced this first impression, in the opu-lence of the following pictures.

Let us hear what she has herself to say on the

ber that she made me laugh more than

I iked; for I was, at that time, an eager scholar of ethics, and had tasted the sweets of solitude and stoicism, and I found something profane in

the hours of amusing gossip into which she drew me, and, when I returned to my library, had much to think of the crackling of thorns under a pot. Margaret, who had stuffed me out

as a philosopher, in her own fancy, was too in-tent en establishing a good footing between us, to omit any art of winning. She studied my tastes, piqued and amused me, challenged frank mess by frankness, and did not conceal the good onlying of me she havened with her now her

opinion of me she brought with her, nor her wish to please. She was curious to know my opinions and experiences. Of course, it was

opinions and experiences. Of course, it was impossible long to hold out against such urgent assault. She had an incredible variety of anec-

dotes, and the readiest wit to give an absurd turn to whatever passed; and the eyes, which were so plain at first, soon swam with fun and

rabject of tea-table-talk, in a letter to a young ady, to whom she was already much attached:
"I am repelled by your account of your party It is beneath you to amuse yourself with active satire, with what is vulgarly called quizzing. When such a person as — chooses to throw himself in your way, I sympathize with your when such a person as — chooses to throw
himself in your way, I sympathize with your
keen perception of his ridiculous points. But
to laugh a whole evening at vulgar nondescripts—is that an employment for one who was
born passionately to love, to admire, to sustain
truth! This would be much more excusable in
a chameleon like me. Yet, whatever may be a chameleon like me. Yet, whatever may be the vulgar view of my character, I can truly say, I knew not the hour in which I ever looked for the ridiculous. It has always been forced upon me, and is the accident of my existence. I would not want the sense of it when it comes, for that would show an obtuseness of mental organization; but, on peril of my soul, I would not move an eyelash to look for it.

When she came to Concord, she were also it.

we move an eyelash to look for it.

When she came to Concord, she was already rich in friends, rich in experiences, rich in culture. She was well read in French, Italian, and German literature. She had learned Latin and a little Greek. But her English reading was incomplete: and, while she knew Molière, and Russeau, and any quantity of French letters, memoirs, and novels, and was a dear student of Dante and Petrarca, and knew German books more cordially than any other person, she was more cordially than any other person, she was little read in Shakepere; and I believe I had the pleasure of making her acquainted with the pleasure, with Ben Jonson, with Herbert, Chapman, Ford, Beaumont and Fletcher, with Bacon, and Sir Thomas Browne. I was seven years her senier, and had the habit of idle reading in old English books, and, though not much versed, yet quite enough to give me the right to lead her. She fancied that her sympathy and taste had led her to an exclusive culture of southern Eu-

She had large experiences. She had been a sne nad large experiences. Sne had been a precocious scholar at Dr. Park's school; good in mathematics and in languages. Her father, whom she had recently lost, had been proud of her, and petted her. She had drawn, at Cambridge, numbers of lively young men about her. She had had a circle of young women who were devoted to her, and who described her as "a wonder of intellect, who had yet no religion." wonder of intellect, who had yet no religion."
She had drawn to her every superior young man
or young woman she had met, and whole romances of life and love had been confided,
counseled, thought, and lived through, in her

counseled, thought, and fived through, in her cognizance and sympathy.

These histories are rapid, so that she had already beheld many times the youth, meridian, and old age of passion. She had, besides, selected, from so many, a few eminent companions, and already felt that she was not likely to see anything more beautiful than her beauties, within more newerful and see anything more beautiful than her beauties. anything more powerful and generous than her youths. She had found out her own secret by youths. She had found out ner own secret by early comparison, and knew what power to draw confidence, what necessity to lead in every circle, belonged of right to her. Her powers were maturing, and nobler sentiments were sub-liming the first heats and rude experiments. She had outward calmness and dignity. She had outward calmness and dignity, she had not be filled with all no had outward calmness and dignity. She had come to the ambition to be filled with all no-bleness.

HER FRIENDS.

Of the friends who surrounded her, at that peried, it is neither easy to speak, nor not to speak. A life of Margaret is impossible without them, she mixed herself so inextricably with her com-pany, and when this little book was first project-ed, it was proposed to entitle it "Margaret and her Friends," the subject persisting to offer itself in the plural number. But, on trial, that form in the plural number. But, on trial, that form preved impossible, and it only remained that the marrative, like a Greek tragedy, should suppose the chorus always on the stage, sympathizing and sympathized with by the queen of the scene. Yet I remember these persons as a fair, com-

manding troop, every one of them aderned by of character, and comprising in their band per-sons who have since disclosed sterling worth and elevated aims in the conduct of life.

She wore this circle of friends, when I first knew her, as a necklace of diamonds about her neck. They were so much to each other, that neck. They were so much to each other, that Margaret seemed to represent them all, and, to know her, was to acquire a place with them. The confidences given her were their best, and she held them to them. She was an active, inspiring companion and correspondent, and all the art, the thought, and the nobleness in New-England assemed at that modeleness in New-England assemed at that modeleness in New-England assemed at that modeleness in New-England, seemed, at that moment, related to her, and she to it. She was everywhere a wel-come guest. The houses of her friends in town country were open to her, and every hospitable attention eagerly offered. Her arrival was a heliday, and so was her abode. She stayed a few days, often a week, more seldom a month, and all tasks that could be suspended were put aside to catch the favorable hour, in walking, riding, or boating, to talk with this joyful guest, who brought wit, anecdotes, lovestories, tragedies, oracles with her, and, with her broad web of relations to so many fine friends, seemed like the queen of some parliament of love, who carried the key to all confidences, and to whom every question had been finally re-

Persons were her game, specially, if marked, by fortune, or character, or success; to such was she sent. She addressed them with a hardiwas see sent. See addressed them with a hard-hood,—almost a haughty assurance,—queen-like. Indeed, they fell in her may, where the access might have seemed difficult, by wonderful cas-ualties; and the inveterate recluse, the coynalties; and the inveterate recluse, the coyest maid, the waywardest poet, made no resistance, but yielded at discretion, as if they had been waiting for her, all doors to this imperious dame. She disarmed the suspicion of recluse scholars by the absence of bookishness. The ease with which she entered into conversation made them forget all they had heard of her and she made infinitely ress microsted in hiderature than in life. They saw she valued earnest persons, and Dante, Petrarch, and Goethe, because they thought as she did, and gratified her with high portraits, which she was everywhere seeking. She drew her companions to surprising confessions. She was the wedding-guest, to whom the long-pent story must be told; and they were not less struck, on reflection, at the suddenness of the friendship which had established, in one day, new and nermanent covenants. She extorted new and permanent covenants. She extorted the secret of life, which cannot be told without setting heart and mind in a glow; and thus had the best of those she saw. Whatever romance, whatever virtue, whatever impressive experi-rience,—this came to her; and she lived in a who became afterward her best friends, to such an extreme that they did not wish to be in the same room with her. This was partly the effect of her manners, which expressed an overweening sense of power, and slight esteem of others, and partly the prejudice of her fame. She had a dangerous reputation for satire, in addition to her great scholarship. The men thought she carried too many guns, and the women did not like one who despised them. I believe I fancied her too much interested in personal history; and her talk was a comedy in which dramatic justice was done to everybody's foibles. I remember that she made me laugh more than superior circle; for they suppressed all their

common place in her presence.

She was perfectly true to this confidence.

She never confounded relations, but kept a hundred fine threads in her hand, without crossing or entangling any. An entire intimacy, which seemed to make both sharers of the whole hori-zon of each other's and of all truth, did not yet make her false to any other friend; gave no title make her laise to any other friend; gave no fitte to the history than an equal trust of another friend had put in her keeping. In this reticence was no prudery and no effort. For, so rich her mind, that she never was tempted to treachery, by the desire of entertaining. The day wa never long enough to exhaust her opulent mem The day was ory; and I, who knew her intimately for ten years,—from July, 1836, till August, 1846, when she sailed for Europe,—never saw her without surprise at her new powers.

Of the conversations above alluded to, the substance was whatever was suggested by her passioners wish for equal companions, to the end

sionate wish for equal companions, to the of making life altogether noble. With the firest tact she led the discourse into the midst With the firm their daily living and working, recognizing the good-will and sincerity which each man has in his aims, and treating so playfully and intellect-ually all the points, that one seemed to see his life en beau, and was flattered by beholding what he had found so tedious in its workday weeds, shining in glorious costume. Each of his friends passed before him in the new light; hope seemed to spring under his feet, and life was worth living. The auditor jumped for joy, and thirsted for unlimited draughts. What! is this the dame who, I heard, was sneering and critical? this the blue-stocking, of whom I stood in terror and dislike? this wondrous woman, full of counse full of tenderness, before whom every mean thing is a snamed, and hides itself; this new Corinne, more variously gifted, wise, sportive, eloquent, who seems to have learned all languages, Heaven knows when or how,-I should think she was born to them,-magnificent, prophetic reading my life at her will, and puzzling me with riddles like this, 'Yours is an example of a 'destiny springing from character:' and, again, I see your destiny hovering before you, but it

always escapes from you. The test of this eloquence was it range. It told on children, and on old people; on men of the world, and on sainted maids. She could hold them all by her honeyed tongue. A lady of the best eminence, whom Margaret occasionally visited, in one of our cities of spindles, speaking one day in one of our cities of spindles, speaking one day of her neighbors, said, "I stand in a certain awe of the moneyed men, the manufacturers, and so on, knowing that they will have small interest in Plato, or in Biot; but I saw them approach Margaret, with perfect security, for she could give them bread that they could eat." Some persons are thrown off their balance when in society; others are thrown on to balance; the excitement of company, and the observation of other characters, correct their biases. Margaret always appeared to unexpected advantage in conversation with a large circle. She had more sanity than any other; while, in private, her vision was often through colored lenses.

## BER CONVERSATION.

I have separated and distributed as I could some of the parts which blended in the rich composite energy which Margaret exerted during the ten years over which my occasional interviews with her were scattered. It remains to views with her were scattered. It remains to say, that all these powers and accomplishments found their best and only adequate channel in her conversation:—a conversation which those who have heard it, unanimously, as far as It know, pronounced to be, in elegance, in range, in flexibility, and adroit transition, in depth, in cordiality, and in moral aim, altogether admirable, survising and cheefful as a noem, and ble; surprising and cheerful as a poem, and communicating its own civility and elevation like a charm to all hearers. She was here, among our anxious citizens, and frivolous fashionists, as if sent to refine and polish her countrymen, and announce a better day. She poured a stream of amber over the endless store of private anecof amber over the endless store of private anecdotes, of bosom histories, which her wonderful
persuation drew forth, and transfigured them
into fine fables. While she embellished the
moment, her conversation had the merit of
being solid and true. She put her whole character into it, and had the power to inspire. The
companion was made a thinker, and went away
quite other than he came. The circle of friends
who sat with her were not allowed to remain
spectators or players, but she converted them
into herees, if she could. The muse woke the
muses, and the day grew bright and eventful muses, and the day grew bright and eventful.
Of course, there must be, in a person of such sincerity, much variety of aspect, according to the character of her company. Only, in Marof all. I conversed lately with a gentleman who has vivid remembrances of his interviews with her in Boston, many years ago, who described her in these terms. "No one ever came so near. Her mood applied itself to the mood of her companion, point to point, in the most limber, smuous, vital way, and drew out the most extraordinary narratives; yet she had a light sort of laugh, when all was said, as if she thought she could live over that revelation. And this sufficient sympathy she had for all persons in-differently,—for lovers, for artists, and beautiful maids, and ambitious young statesmen, and for It is too absurd; you have never seen him.
When I found him here, sitting like a statue, I

was alarmed, and thought him ill. You sit with courteous, unconfiding smile, and sup-

'pose him to be a mere man of talent. He is so with you. But the moment I was alone with him, he was another creature; his manner, so glassy and elaborate before, was full of soul, the tones of his voice entirely different And I have no doubt that she saw expressions, heard tones, and received thoughts from her companions, which no one else ever saw or heard from the same parties, and that her praise of her friends, which seemed exaggerated, was her exact impression. We were all obliged to recall Margaret's testimony, when we found we were sad blockheads to other people.

MARGARET FULLER IN NEW-YORK. In the autumn of 1844, Margaret accept-

ed an offer to become a constant contributer to The Tribune. Mr. Greeley thus records his recollections of his friend in a communication to the Editors of these

My first acquaintance with Margaret Fuller was made through the pages of The Dial. The lotty range and rare ability of that work, and its un-American richness of culture and ripeness of thought, naturally filled the 'fit audience, though thought, naturally lines the in autoence, though few, with a high estimate of those who were known as its conductors and principal writers. Yet I do not now remember that any article, which strongly impressed me, was recognized as from the pen of its female editor, prior to the appearance of 'The Great Lawseit, afterward magnetic than the property of the property tured into the volume more distinctively, yet not quite accurately, entitled 'Woman in th I think this can hardly have teenth Century.' I think this can hardly have failed to make a deep impression on the mind of every thoughtful reader, as the production of an every thoughtful reader, as the production of an original, vigorous, and earnest mind. 'Summer on the Lakes,' which appeared some time after that essay, though before its expansion into a book, struck me as less ambitious in its aim, but more graceful and delicate in its execution; and as one of the Great obst graphic delineations ever given of the Great arbaic and the rapidly advancing, but rude, repulsive semi-civilrapidly advancing, our rule, reading with most unization, which were contending with most unequal forces for the possession of those rich lands. I still consider 'Summer on the Lakes' unequaled, especially in its pictures of the Prairies and of the sunnier aspects of Pioneer life.

Yet, it was the suggestion of Mrs. Greeleywho had spent some weeks of successive sea-sons in or near Boston, and who had there made the personal acquaintance of Miss Fuller, and formed a very high estimate and warm attachment for her—that induced me, in the autumn of ment for her—that induced me, in the autumn of 1844, to offer her terms, which were accepted, for her assistance in the literary department of The Tribune. A home in my family was included in the stipulation. I was myself barely acquainted with her, when she thus came to reside with us, and I did not fully appreciate her nobler qualities for some months afterward. Though we were members of the same household, we scarcely met save at breakfast; and my time and thoughts were absorbed in duties and cares, which left me little leisure or inclinand cares, which led his social intercourse.

Fortune seemed to delight in placing us two in relations of friendly antagonism—or rather, to develop all possible contrasts in our ideas and habits. She was naturally inclined to social habits. She was naturally inclined to invury and a good appearance before the world. My pride, if I had any, delighted in bare walls and rugged fare. She was addicted to strong tea and coffee, both which I rejected and contemned, even in the most homeopathic dilutions; while, my general health being sound, and hers sadly impaired, I csuld not fail to find in her dietetic habits the causes of her almost betieved allowers and once while we were still. habitual illness; and once, while we were still barely acquainted, when she came to the breakfast-table with a very severe headache, I was tempted to attribute it to her strong potations of the Chinese leaf the night before. She told me quite frankly that she 'declined being lectured on the food or beverage she saw fit to take; which was but reasonable in one who had arrived at her maturity of intellect and fixedness of habits. So the subject was thenceforth tawere suppressed, looks and involuntary gestures could not so well be; and an utter divergence of views on this and kindred themes created a perceptible distance between us.

Her earlier contributions to The Tribune were not have best, and I did not at first prize her aid so highly as I afterward learned to do. She wrote always freshly, vigorously, but not always clearly; for her full and intimate acquaintance with continental literature, especially German, seemed to have marred her felicity and readi ness of expression in her mother tongue. I never met another woman who conversed more freely or lucidly, the attempt to commit her thoughts to paper seemed to induce a sin-gular embarrassment and hesitation. She could write only when in the vein; and this needed often to be waited for through several days, while the occasion sometimes required an im-mediate utterance. The new book must be remediate utterance. viewed before other journals had thoroughly dissected and discussed it, else the ablest critique would command no general attention, and perhaps be, by the greater number, unread. That the writer should wait the flow of inspira tion, or at least the recurrence of elasticity spirits and relative health of body, will not seem unreasonable to the general reader; but to the inveterate back horse of the daily press, accus tomed to write at any time, en any subject, and with a rapidity limited only by the physical abil ity to form the requisite pen-strokes, the notion of waiting for a brighter day, or a happier frame of mind, appears fantastic and absurd. He would as soon think of waiting for a change in the meon. Hence, while I realized that her contri-butions evinced rare intellectual wealth and force, I did not value them as I should have had they been written more fluently promptly. They often seemed to make their appearance "a day after the fair."

Her love of children was one of her mos Her love of children was one of her most prominent characteristics. The pleasure sne enjoyed in their society was fully counterpoised by that she imparted. To them she was never lefty, nor reserved, nor mystical; for no one had ever a more perfect faculty for entering into their sports, their feeling, their enjoyments. She could narrate almost any story in language level to their capacities, and in a manner calculated to bring out their hearty and often boisterously expressed delight. She possessed terously expressed delight. She possesses marvelous powers of observation and imitation or mimicry; and, had she been attracted to the stage, would have been the first actres. America has produced, whether in tragedy of comedy. Her faculty of mimicking was not needed to commend her to the hearts of children out it had its effect in increasing the fascina ions of her genial nature and heartfelt joy it heir society. To amuse and instruct them was their society. To amuse and instruct them was an achievement for which she would readily forego any personal object; and her intuitive perception of the toys, games, stories, rhymes, &c., best adapted to arrest and enchain their attention, was unsurpassed. Between her and my only chall then himse who was also the control of the contro only child, then living, who was eight months old when she came to us, and something over two years when she sailed for Europe, tendrils of affection gradually intertwined themselves, which I trust Death has not severed, but rather ultiplied and strengthened. multiplied and strengthened. She became his teacher, playmate, and monitor; and he requited her with a prodigality of love and admiration.

I shall not soon forget their meeting in my office, after some weeks separation, just before she left us ferever. His mother had brought him in from the country and left him asleep on my sofa, while she was absent making purchases and he had rolled off and hurt himself in the and he had rolled out and hurt himself in the fall, waking with the shock in a phrensy of an-ger, just before Margaret, hearing of his arrival, rushed into the office to find him. I was vainly attempting to soothe him as she entered; but he was running from one end to the other of the office, was running passionately, and refusing to be pacified. She hastened to him in perfect confidence that her endearments would calm the current of his feelings—that the sound of her well-remembered voice would banish all thought of his pain—and voice would banish all thought of his pain—and that another moment would see him restored to gentleness; but, half-wakened, he did not heed her, and probably did not even realize who it was that caught him repeatedly in her arms and tenderly insisted that he should restrain himself. At jast she desisted in despair; and, with the bitter tears streaming down her face, observed: Pickie, many friends have treated me unkindly, but no ne had east the now, i.e. but no one had ever the power to cut me to the heart, as you have! Being thus let alone, he soon came to himself, and their mutual delight

in the meeting was rather hightened by the mo-

in the meeting was rather highlened by the momentary estrangement.

They had one more meeting; their last on earth! 'Aunty Margaret' was to embark for Europe on a certain day, and 'Pickie' was brought into the city to bid her farewell. They met this time also at my office, and together we thence repaired to the ferry-boat, on which she was returning to her residence in Brooklyn to complete her preparations for the voyage. There they took an affecting leave of each other. But soen his mother called at the office, on her way to the departing ship, and we were easily persuaded to accompany her thither, and say farewell once more, to the manifest satisfaction of suaded to accompany her thither, and say fare-well once more, to the manifest satisfaction of both Margaret and the youngest of her devoted friends. Thus they parted, never to meet again in time. She sent him messages and presents repeatedly from Europe; and he, when some-what older, dictated a letter in return, which was joyfully received and acknowledged. When was joyfully received and acknowledged. When the mother of our great-souled friend spent some days with us nearly two years afterward, 'Pickie' talked to her often and lovingly of Aunty Margaret,' proposing that they should take a boat and go over and see her, -for, to his infantile conception, the low coast of Long Island, visible just across the East River, was that Europe to which she had sailed, and she was unaccountably detained so long. Alas a far longer and more adventurous journey was required to reunite those loving souls! The 12th of July, 1849, saw him stricken down, from health to death, by the relentless cholera; and my let-ter, announcing that calamity, drew from her a burst of passionate sorrow, such as hardly any bereavement but the loss of a very near relative could have impelled. Another year had just ended, when a calamity, equally sudden, bereit a wide circle of her likewise, with her husband and infant son. Little did I fear, when I bade her a confident good by, on the deck of her out-ward-bound ship, that the sea would close over her earthly remains ere we should meet again; far less that the light of my eyes and the cyno-sure of my hopes, who then bade her a tendered and sadder farewell, would precede her, on the is no returning! Ah, well! God is above all, and gracious alike in what he conceals and what he discloses—benignant and bounteous, as well when he reclaims as when he bestows. In a few years, at farthest, our loved and lost ones will welcome us to their home.

## HER MARRIAGE IN ROME

The high-minded friend, spoken of with such grateful affection by Margaret, in her letter to prateful affection by margaret, in her fetter to her mother, thus gracefully narrates the romance of her marriage; and the narrative is a noble proof of the heroic disinterestedness with which, amid her own engrossing trials, Margaret devo-ted herself to others. Mrs. Story writes as fol-

During the month of November, 1847, we arrived in Rome, purposing to spend the winter there. At that time Margaret was living in the house of the Marchesa—, in the Corso. Ultimo Piano. Her rooms were pleasant and Citimo Piano. Her rooms were pleasant and cheerful, with a certain air of elegance and refinement, but they had not a sunny axposure, that all-essential requisite for health, during the damp Roman winter. Margaret suffered for health this winter, and she afterward attributed it mainly to the fact that she had not the tributed it mainly to the sum. As soon as she heard of our arrival, she stretched forth a friendly, cordial hand, and greeted us most warmly. She gave us great asgreeted us most warmly. She gave us great as-sistance in our search for convenient lodgings, and we were soon happily established near her. Our intercourse was henceforth most frequent and intimate, and knew no cloud nor coldness. Daily we were much with her, and daily we felt more sensible of the worth and value of our friend. To me she seemed so unlike what i had thought her to be in America, that I continually said. 'How have I misjudged you,—you are not at all such a person as I took you to be.' To this she replied, 'I am not the same person, but in many respects another; my life has new channels new, and how thankful I am that I have been able to come out into larger interests,—but, partly, you did not know me at home in the true light. It was true, that I had not known her much personally, when in Boston; but through her friends, who were mine also, I had learned to think of her as a person on intellectual stits, with a large share of arrogance and little sweetness of temper. How unlike to this was she ness of temper. How unlike to this was she now '-so delicate, so simple, confiding and affectionate; with a true womanly heart and soul, sensitive and generous, and what was to me a still greater surprise, possessed of so broad a charity, that she could cover with its mantle the

faults and defects of all about her.

"We soon became acquainted with the young marquis Ossoli, and met him frequently at Mar-garet's rooms. He appeared to be of a reserved and gentle nature, with quiet, gentleman-like manners, and there was something melancholly in the expression of his face, which made one desire to know more of him. In figure, he was tall, and slender of frame, with dark hair and eyes; we judged that he was about thirty years of age, possibly younger. Margaret spoke of him most frankly, and soon told us the history of her first acquinitance with him, which, as nearly

as I can recall, was as follows:

"She went to hear vespers, the evening of Holy Thursday,' soon after her first coming to Rome, in the spring of 1847, at St. Peter's, She proposed to her companions that some place in the church should be designated, where, after the services, they should meet—she being inclined, as was her custom al-ways in St. Peter's, to wander alone among the different chapels. When, at length, she saw that the crowd was dispersing, she returned to the place assigned, but could not find her party. In some perplexity, she walked about, with her glass carefully examining each group. Presently a young man of gentlemanly address came up to er, and begged, if she were seeking any one, that he might be permitted to assist her: and to-gether they continued the search through all parts of the church. At last, it became evident, beyond a doubt, that her party could no longer be there, and, as it was then quite late, the crowd all gone, they went out into the piazza to find a carriage in which she might go home. In the piazza, in front of St. Peter's, generally may found many carriages; but owing to the de lay they had made, there were then none, and Margaret was compelled to walk with her stranger triend the long distance between the Vatican and the Corso. At this time she had little com-mand of the language for conversational purposes, and their words were few, though enough to create in each a desire for further knowledge and acquaintance. At her door they parted, and Margaret, finding her friends at home, related the adventure.

This chance meeting at vesper service in St Peter's prepared the way for many interviews and it was before Margaret's departure for Ven-ice, Milan, and Como, that Ossoli first offered her his hand, and was refused. Mrs. Story con-

After her return to Rome, they met again. and he became her constant visitor; and as, in those days, Margaret watched with intense interest the tide of political events, his mind was also turned in the direction of liberty and better government. Whether Ossoli, unassisted, would have been able to emancipate himself from the influence of his family and early education, both minently conservative and narrow, may be a question; but that he did throw off the shackles and espouse the cause of Roman liberty with warm zeal, is most certain. Margaret had known Mazzini in London—had partaken of his schemes for the future of his country—and was taking every pains to inform herself in regard to the every pains to inform herself in regard to the action of all parties, with a view to write a histofy of the period. Ossoli brought her every intelligence that might be of interest to her, and busied himself in learning the views of both parties, that she might be able to judge the mater impartially.

"After one such day, she called me to her bedside, and said that I must consent, for her sake, to keep the secret she was about to consake, to keep the SECRET sne was about to confide. Then she told me of her marriage; where her child was, and where he was born; and gave me certain papers and parchment documents which I was to keep; and, in the event of her and her husband's death, I was to take the boy to her mother in America, and confide him to her care, and that of her friend, Mrs.

"The papers thus given me I had perfect lib-erty to read; but after she had told me her story I desired no confirmation of this fact, beyond what her words had given. One or two of the papers she opened, and we together read them. One was written on parchment, in Latin, and was written on parchment, in Latin, and was a certificate, given by the priest who mar-ried them, saying that Angelo Eugene Ossoli was the legal heir of whatever title and fortune

should come to his father. To this was affixed his seal, with those of the other witnesses, and the Ossoli crest was drawn in full upon the paper. There was also a book, in which Margaret had written the history and marriage with Ossoli, and of the birth of her child. In giving that 20 me, she said, 'If I do not survive to tell that so me, she said, 'If I do not survive to tell this myself to my family, this book will be to this myself to my family, this book will be to them invaluable. Therefore keep it for them. If I live, it will be of no use, for my word will be all that they will ask.' I took the papers and locked them up. Never feeling any desire to lock into them, I never did; and as she gave them to me, I returned them to her, when I left Rome for Switzerland.

"After this, she often spoke to me of the necessity there had been, and still existed, for her keeping her marriage a secret. At the time I argued in favor of her making it public, but sub sequent events have shown me the wisdom of her decision. The explanation she gave me of

the secret marriage was this: "They were married in December, soon after

-as I think, though I am not positive--as I think, though I am not possilive—the death of the old Marquis Osseli. The estate he had left was undivided, and the two brothers, attached to the Papal household, were to be the executors. This patrimony was not large, but, when fairly divided, would bring to each a little property—an income sufficient, with economy, for life in Rome. Every one knows, that law is subject to ecclesiastical influence in Rome. and that marriage with a Protestant would be destructive to all prospects of favorable administration. And besides being of another religious faith, there was, in this case, the additional crime of having married a liberal, -one who had publicly interested herself in radical views Taking the two facts together, there was good reason to suppose, that, if the marriage were known, Ossoli must be a beggar, and a banished man, under the then existing Government; while, by waiting a little, there was a chance,—a fair one, too,—of an honorable post under the new one, too,—of an honorable post under the new Government, whose formation every one was anticipating. Leaving Rome, too, at that time, was deserting the field wherein they might nope to work much good, and where they felt that they were needed. Ossoli's brothers had long before begun to look jealously upon him. Knowing his acquaintance with Margaret, they feared the influence she might exert over his mind in the control liberal service and had not havitated. favor of liberal sentiments, and had not hesitated to threaten him with the Papal displeasure. Ossoli's education had been such, that it certainly argues an uncommon elevation of char-acter, that he remained so firm and single in his political views, and was so indifferent to the pecuniary advantages which his former position offered, since, during many years, the Ossoli family had been high in favor and in office, in Rome, and the same vista opened for his own future, had he chosen to follow their lead. The Pope left for Molo di Gaeta, and then came a suspension of all legal procedure, so that the estate was never divided, before we left Italy, and I do not know that it has ever been.

"Ossoli had the feeling, that, while his own sister and family could not be informed of his marriage, no others should know of it; and from day to day they hoped on for the favorable change which should enable them to declare it Their child was born ; and, for his sake, in order to defend him, as Margaret said, from the stings of poverty, they were patient waiters for the restered law of the land. Margaret felt that sh would, at any cost to herself, gladly secure for her child a condition above want; and, although it was a severe trial,—as her letters to us attest,—she resolved to wait, and hope, and keep her secret. At the time when she took me into her confidence, she was so full of anxiety and dread of some shock, from which she might not re-cover, that it was absolutely necessary to make it known to some friend. She was living with us at the time, and she gave it to me. Most sacredly, but timidly, did I keep her secret; for, all the while. I was tormented with a desire to be of active service to her, and I was incapacitated from any action by the position in which I was

Ossoli's post was one of considerable dan ger, he being in one of the most exposed places and, as Margaret saw his wounded and dying comrades, she felt that another shot might take hin from her, or bring him to her care in the hospital. Fagerly she watched the carts, as they came up with their suffering loads, dreading that her worst fears might be confirmed. No argument of ours could persuade Ossoli to leave his post to take food or rest. Sometimes we went to him and carried a sepaceful backet. we went to him, and carried a concealed basket of provisions, but he shared it with so many of his fellows, that his own portion must have been almost nothing. Haggard, worn, and pale, he walked over the Vatican grounds with us, pointing out, now here, now there, where some poor fellow's blood sprinkled the wall; Margaret was with us, and for a few moments they could have an anxious talk about their child.

"To get to the children to send to him, was quite impossible, and for days they were in com plete ignorance about him. At length, a letter came; and in it the nurse declared that unless they should immediately send her, in advancepayment, a certain sum of money, she would al-together abandon Angelo. It seemed, at first, in possible to forward the money, the road was nsecure, and the bearer of any parcel was likely to be seiz d by one party or the other, and to be treated as a spy. But finally, after much consideration, the sum was sent to the address of a physician, who had been charged with the care of the child. I think it did reach its destination, and for a while answered the purpose of keeping the wretched woman faithful to her

HOMEWARD-THE VOYAGE."

The seventeenth of May, the day of sailing, came, and the Elizabeth lay waiting for her company. Yet, even then, dark presentiments so overshadowed Margaret, that she passed one company. Yet, even then, dark presentiments so oversnadowed Margaret, that she passed one anxious hour more in hesitation, before she could resolve to go on board. But Capt. Hasty was so fine a model of the New-England seaman, strong minded, prompt, calm, decided, courteous, Mrs. Hasty was so refined, gentle, and hospitable; both had already formed so warm an attachment for the little family, in their few interviews at Florence and Leghorn; Celesto Paolini, a young Italian girl, who had engaged to render kindly services to Angelino, was so lady-like and pleasing; their only other fellow-passenger, Mr. Horace Sumner, or Boston, was so obliging and agreeable a friend; and the good ship herself looked so trim, substantial, and cheery, that it seemed weak and wrong to turn back. They embarked, and, for the first few days, all went prosperously, till fear was forgotten. Soft breezes sweep them tranquilly over the smooth bosom of the Mediterranean; Angelino sits among his heaps of toys, or listens to the scraphine, or leans his of toys, or listens to the seraphine, or leans his head with fondling hands upon the white goat, who is now to be his foster-parent, or in the captain's arms moves to and fro, gazing curiously at spars and rigging, or watches with de light the swelling canvas; while, under the constant stars, above the unresting sea, Marga-ret and Ossoli pace the deck of their small ocean-home, and think of storms left behind, perhaps of coming tempests.

But now Captain Hasty fell ill with fever

could hardly drag himself from his state-room to give necessary orders, and tay upon the bed or sofa, in fast-increased distress, though glad to bid Nino good day, to kiss his cheek, and pat his hand. Still, the strong man grew weaker, till he could no longer draw from beneath the pillow his daily friend, the Bible, though his mind was yet clear to follow his wife's voice, as she read aloud the morning and evening chapter But alas for the brave, stout seaman the young wife, on almost her first voyage! alas for crew! alas for company! alas for the friends of Margaret! The fever proved to be confluent small-poxein the most malignant form. The good commander had received his release from earthly duty. The Elizabeth must lose her guardian. With calm confidence, he met his fate, and at 8 o'clock on Sunday morning, June 3, he breathed his last. At midnight, the Elizabeth had anchored off Gibraltar; but the authorities refused permission for any one to land, and directed that the burial should be configent small-poxe in the most malignant form land, and directed that the burial should be made at sea. As the news spread through the port, the ships dropped their flags half-mast, and at sunset, towed by the boat of a neighboring frigate, the crew of the Elizabeth bore the body of their late chief, wrapped in the flag of his matten, to its rest in deep water. Golden twilight flooded the western sky, and shadows of high-lited should be a number on the broad Atlantic. piled clouds lay purple on the broad Atlantic. In that calm, summer sunset funeral, what eye

\*The following account is as accurate, even in minute details, as conversation with several of the survivors enabled me to make it. w. n. c.

foresaw the morning of horror, of which it was the sad forerunner? At Gibraltar, they were detained a weekby

adverse winds, but on the 9th of June set sail again. The second day after, Angeline sickened with the dreadful manady, and soon became so ill that his hie was despated of. His eyes were closed, his head and face swollen out of shape, his body covered with eraption. Though instruction to the disease, the parents wisely treated their boy with cooling drinks, and wet applications to the skin: under their incessans care the fever abated, and, to their unsceakable. applications to the skill, under their uncessant care the fever abated, and, to their unspeakable joy, he rapidly recovered. Sobered and sad-dened, they could again hope, and enjoy the beauty of the calm sky and sea. Once more beauty of the calm say and sea. Once more Nino laughs, as he splashes in his morning bath, and playfully prolongs the meal, which the careful father has prepared with his own hand, or, if he has been angered, rests his head upon his mother's breast, while his palm is pressed against her cheek, as, bending down, and the history one more he sats aware. she sings to him: once more, he sits among his toys, or fondles and plays with the white-haired goat, or walks up and down in the arms of the steward, who has a boy of just his age, at home, now waiting to embrace him; o among the sailors, with whom he is a un among the sailors, with whom he is a universal favorite, prattles in baby dialect as he tries to imitate their cry, to work the pumps, and pull the ropes. Ossoli and Sumner, meanwhile, exchange alternate lessons in Italian and English. And Margaret, among her papers, gives the last touches to her book on Italy, or with words of hope and love comforts like a mother the heart-broken widow. Slowly, yet peacsfully, pass the long summer days, the mellow meanily rights slowly, and with even flight the lit nights : slowly, and with even flight, the good Elizabeth, under gentle airs from the tropics, bears them safely onward. Four thousand miles of ocean he behind; they are nearly

THE WRECK.

On Thursday, July 15, at noon, the Elizabeth was off the Jersey coast, somewhere between Cape May and Barnogat; and, so the weather was thick, with a fresh breeze blowing from the was thick, with a resa breeze blowing from the cast of south, the officer in command, desires to secure a good offing, stood east-north-east. His purpose was, when daylight showed the highlands of Neversins, to take a pliot, and rus before the wind past Sandy Hook. So confident, indeed, was he of safety, that he promised his passengers to land them early in the morning at New-York. With this hope, their trunks were packed, the preparations made to greet their friends, the last good-night was spoken, and with grateful hearts Margaret and Ossoli put Nine to rest, for the last time, as they thought, on shipboard,-for the last time, as it was to be, on earth! By 9 o'clock, the breeze rose to a gale, which

By 9 o'clock, the breeze ross to a gaie, which every hour increased in violence, till at midnight it became a hurricane. Yet, as the Elizabeth was new and strong, and as the commander, trusting to an occasional cast of the lead, as sured them that they were not nearing the Jessey coast,—which alone he dreaded,—the passenger. coast,—which alone he dreaded,—the passenger remained in their state-rooms, and caught such uneasy sleep as the howling storm and tossing ship permitted. Utterly unconscious, they were, even then, amidst perils, whence only by prompe set, energy was it possible to escape. Though even then, amidst perils, whence only by promptest energy was it possible to escape. Though under close-reefed saits, their vessel was making way far more swiftly than any one on board had dreamed of; and for hours, with the combined force of currents and the tempest, had been driving headlong toward the sand-bars of Long Island. About 4 o'clock on Friday morning, July 16, she struck,—first draggingly, then had and barder.—on Fire Island beach.

The main and muzzen masts were at once on

and harder.—on Fire Island beach.

The main and mizzen masts were at once cut away; but the heavy marble in her hold had broken through her bottom, and she biged. Her bow held fast, her stern swung round, she careened inland, her broadside was bared to the shock of the billows, and the waves made a clear breach over her with every swell. The doors of the poor Elizabeth was sealed now, and an human nower could save her. She layat the no human power could save her. She layat the mercy of the maddened ocean. At the first jar, the passengers, knowing but

At the first jar, the passengers, knowing one too well its fatal import, sprung from their berths. Then came the cry of "Cut away," followed by the crash of falling timbers, and the thunder of the seas, as they broke across the deck. In a moment more, the cabin skylight was dashed in pieces by the breakers, and the spray, covering down like a cutaget, but out the lights. dashed in pieces by the breakers, and the spray, pouring down like a cataract, put out the lights, while the cabin door was wrenched from its fastenings, and the waves swept in and out. One scream, one only, was heard from Margaret's state-room; and Summer and Mrs. Hasty, meeting in the cabin, clasped hands, with these few, but touching wards. "We want in." few but touching words: "We must die."
"Let us die calmly, then." "I hope so, Mrs. "Let us die caimly, then." I hope so, and Hasty." It was in the gray dusk, and amid the awful turnult, that the companions in misfor-tune met. The side of the cabin to the leeward had already settled under water; the furniture, trunks and fragments of the skylight were float-ing to and fro; while the inclined position of the floor made it difficult to stand; and every sea, as it broke over the bulwarks, splashed in sea, as it broke over the bulwarks, spiashed in through the open roof. The windward cabin-walls, however, still yielded partial shelter, and against it, seated side by side, half leaning backward, with feet braced upon the long table, they awaited what next should come. At it Nino, alarmed at the uproar, the darkness and the rushing water, while shivering in the wet, the rushing water, while shivering in the wet, cried passionately; but soon his mother, wrapping him in such garments as were at hand and holding him to her bosom, sang him to sleep. Celeste, too, was in an agony of terror, till Ossoli, with soothing words and a long and fervent prayer, restored her to self-control and trust. Then calmly they rested, side by side, exchang-Then calmy they rested, suc by size, cases ing kindly partings and sending messages to friends, if any should survive to be their bearer. Meanwhele, the boats having been swamped or carried away, and the carpenter's tools washed overboard, the crew had retreated to the top-gallant forecastle; but, as the passengers saw and lant forecastle; but, as the passengers saw and heard nothing of them, they supposed that the officers and crew had deserted the ship, and that they were left alone. Thus passed three hours. At length, about 7, as there were signs that

At length, about 7, as there were signs that the cabin would soon break up, and any death seemed preferable to that of being crushed among the ruins, Mrs. Hasty made her way to the door, and, looking out at intervals between the seas as they swept across the vessel amidships, saw some one standing by the foremast. His face was toward the shore. She screamed and beckened, but her voice was lost amid the roar of the wind and breakers, and her gestires were unnoticed. Soon, however. Davis, the were unnoticed. Soon, however, Davis, the mate, through the door of the forecastle, caugh sight of her, and, at once comprehending the danger, summoned the men to go to the rescue. At first none dared to risk with him the perilous attempt; but, cool and resolute, he set forth by himself; and now holding to the bulwarks, now stooping as the waves combed over, he succeed ed in reaching the cabin. Two sailors, embold-ened by his example, followed. Preparations were instantly made to conduct the passengers to the forecastle, which, as being more strongly to the forecastle, which, as being more strongly built and lying further up the sands, was the least exposed part of the ship. Mrs. Hasty volunteered to go the first. With one hand clasped by Davis, while with the other each grasped the rail, they started, a saitor moving close behind. But hardly had they taken three steps, when a sea broke loose her hold, and swept her into the thing was a sea broke loose her hold, and swept her into the steps. hatchway. "Let me go," she cried, " your life is important to all on board." But cheerily, and is important to all on board." But cheerily, and with a smile, he answered, "Not quite yet;" and, seizing in his teeth her long hair, as it floated past him, he caught with both hands at some near support, and, aided by the seaman, set her once again upon her feet. A few moments more of struggle brought them safely through. In turn, each of the passengers was helped thus laboriously across the deck, though as the broken rail and cordage had at one place fallen in the way, the passage was dangeroms and difficult in the extreme. Angelino was borne in a canvass bag, slung round the neck of a sailor. Within the foreastle, which was comparatively dry and sheltered, they now seated themselves, and, wrapped in the loose overcoats of the seamen, regained some warmth. Three times more, however, the mate made his way to the cabin; once, to save her late husband's watch, for Mrs. Hasty; again for some doubloons, money-drafts, and rings in Margaret's way to the cabin; once, to save her late hus-band's watch, for Mrs. Hasty; again for some doubloons, money-drafts, and rings in Margaret's desk; and, finally, to procure a bottle of wine and a drum of figs for their refreshment. It was after his last return, that Margaret said to Mrs. Hasty, "There still remains what, if I live, will be of more value to me than anything," referring, prebably, to her manuscript on lialy; but it seemed too selfish to ask their brave preserver to run the risk again.

to run the risk again.

There was opportunity now to learn their situa-

"Mrs. Hasty's own words while describing the incident.